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# IN THE BLUE

BY

AIDNA VAN ORDEN



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“NEVER descrying an end in his infinite,  
Beats as he may little bird in the blue.”



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IN THE BLUE





## THE SEA-GULL

MY soul rides out with thee,  
Out on the stormy sea,  
O wild affinity,  
Bird in the blue!

Poising strong wings on high,  
Seeing but waves and sky,  
It is so far to fly,  
Up in the blue.

This stormy life of mine  
And that wild life of thine  
Both seek the self-same sign,  
Out in the blue.

Both search infinity—  
What that far land may be,  
Beyond the sky and sea,  
Beyond the blue.

## THE SHORE AT NIGHT

THE beach and little waves and wide,  
wide sky,  
The half-grown moon and floods of  
silver light,  
No modern world, ambition, power, nor  
praise  
Can touch the stillness of the primal  
night.

Many another wanderer on the sand  
Of this same shore, 'neath this same  
shining sky,  
Has sat him down to dream in wild  
content  
By moon and sea in ages long gone by.

Many and many has the moon looked  
on,  
Coming and going like the springtime  
grass.

Here did a mighty city stand of yore—  
These things are nothing as the æons  
pass.

And thou beside me! As I speak thy  
name,  
Among thine own an honored name  
enow,  
No name hast thou in face of this wide  
world,  
And I am nameless too—just I and  
Thou.

We have found peace to-night in this  
our life,  
There is no harm here if we sleep or die.  
We shall lie safe against the good to  
come  
Here on the sand dunes 'twixt the sea  
and sky.

## ART AND NATURE

WE give our lives to art, to paint  
anew

The graceful form or brilliant evening  
sky,

The meadow and the clouds, the rose's  
hue,

The sheep and lonely shepherd passing  
by.

But oh, how poor all art is when we see  
The thrilling, throbbing blue of summer  
noon,

The dimpling water and the wind-  
blown tree,

The purple sky and great gold Harvest  
moon!

We give our lives to music, dreaming yet  
Of harmonies for ever old and new,  
Some lovelier song the world can ne'er  
forget,  
Some melody to live the ages through.

But one day I was walking by the shore,  
And far across the blue and living sea  
A little clear-toned bell rang—Never-  
more  
I knew as then the joy of harmony.

O thrilling world of color, light, and  
sound!  
I look and listen till my soul, too small,  
Can drink in no more beauty, dazed  
and drowned  
In that blue fire of sunlight whelming  
all.

## LIFE AT FIFTEEN

THE world to youth is like a place  
illumined and made gay  
As is a rugged landscape by the glory,  
Not of the sun descending in its fury  
Which gathers all hot passions from the  
fiery glowing day,  
But of the rising sun when with its soft  
and gentle ray  
It touches with its holy kisses all rough  
places bare  
And throws its warm and rosy light so  
sweetly pure and fair  
Across our path, as youth's glad spirit  
on our life's rough way.

But when the new day quickly passes on  
to noon's bright height,  
As do our lives from their bright rosy  
dawning,—  
For short, so short, is life's brief  
fleeting morning—  
The soul sees clear and understands in  
its new stronger sight  
Much that was hid or tinted by the  
dawning's rosy light;  
And as the rays grow strong and warmer  
so the passions' fires  
Of love, of good and evil deepen, and  
all soul's desires,  
Until at last life's restless day fades into  
peaceful night.

## LOVE'S BRINGING

O LOVE, for many a weary year  
I waited for thee,  
I feared thou might'st be straying near  
But passing o'er me.

I prayed that I might know at last  
The joy compelling,  
That peace and comfort which thou hast  
All joys excelling.

But Love—thy only gift is pain,  
No storms abating,  
O Love, please give me back again  
My days of waiting.



## THE RIDDLE

THE riddle of the world is wondrous  
change  
Of birth and death in endless wave and  
tide,  
Dust that was sun and will be sun again,  
Land that was sea on some lost ocean  
side;

Life that was low in crystal or in worm,  
Life that was flame of some self-con-  
scious soul,  
Low shall be high and highest low again.  
Birth, death, and change will make the  
cycle whole.

Motion is life. Is never rest to be  
Nor last still death of planet, star, and  
sun?

What is the end? The children may  
not see—

The Riddle's primer is but just begun.

## THE RIVIERA

O BOW of sunshine bending round  
the sea,

O curving shore with palms and olives  
drest,

O little isles, the home of saints of old,  
In thy warm lap give weary pilgrims  
rest!

Ye ruined castles watching on the hills  
Were warders in those days of long ago  
When Saracen and pirate swept the  
sea

And filled the fisher towns with bloody  
woe.

Ye saw the cruel wars of robber lords,  
The passionate hates of Guelph and  
Ghibelline,

Madonnas saving and Madonnas blind,  
And miracles of hermit cave and shrine.

But ever thro' those long two thousand  
years

The fisher folk lived simple lives and  
free,

The warmest sun and bluest skies were  
theirs

And ever on the rocks that blue, blue  
sea.

O blessèd land! O real Earth Paradise!  
O thou sweet shore, a stormless azure  
bow,

Grant wanderers an eternal summer-  
time,

Safe from the mistral and the Alpine  
snow!

## ANCESTRAL HOME

WHAT are you dreaming, little  
Syrian maid,  
Of waving palm trees and long level  
sand,  
Of camels coming homeward to the  
night,  
Familiar sights and sounds of your far  
land?

Born here, you say, and never saw the  
East,  
You in whose eyes the mystic Orient  
reigns,  
A face which Persian Omar might have  
sung  
And little fingers made for henna stains.

Your mother knows these things, you  
say, and oft  
At sunset, when is time to kneel in  
prayer,  
She turns toward Mecca and the holy  
East,  
Craving the Call thro' the still evening  
air.

Once more she yearns to feel the burning  
sun,  
Not the pale sunshine of this Northern  
clime,  
Once more to carry the stone pitchers  
down  
To the great well in the cool evening  
time.

So you sit dreaming, little Western  
born,  
Into the sunset, letting your soul roam  
Away across the desert, midst the palms,  
Feeling, you know not why, so far from  
home.

## A CHRISTMAS SONG

O'ER Juda's hills in quiet sleep,  
Where shepherds wild their  
charges keep,

Clear came the call through silence deep.  
The sweet refrain with glad acclaim  
Swelled with the glowing roseate flame  
And angels' snowy wings unfurled,—

“Sing, sing, glad heart, the Child has  
come,  
Has come to still the weeping of the  
world.”

Oh wondrous night of long ago  
When Heaven bent to Earth so low,  
She listening with rapt ear to know  
The Master's will, in mystic calm  
Lay lulled in silence' holy balm

So still—till hark, the heavens ring,  
    “Oh greet the Child, the Child has  
        come,  
Glad welcome to the Babe Divine we  
    sing.”

Those poor Judæans long ago  
With opened eyes could see and know  
And find the Child in his manger low.  
Oh might our eyes this Christmas night  
See flaming skies and the angels bright  
And white wings flashing as we hear  
    The anthem swell, “The Light has  
        come,  
Now steal away, O shades of darkness  
    drear!”



## TOWARD LIGHT

AS quiet after storm,  
As sunshine after rain,  
As day must follow night,  
So rest comes after pain.

What if the path is dark nor any ray  
Of light we see—the shades will flee  
away.

Oh the sweet hope we have  
That sometime by and by  
We 'll rise above the clouds  
And lift our heads on high,  
While on our faces falls the waiting  
peace  
And the wild dreaming of the night shall  
cease.

## DAPHNE

WHY does gentle Daphne wear  
Rosy blossoms in her hair,—  
Rosy buds with dewdrops gleaming,  
In a garland fresh and fair?  
For the winds all perfume laden  
Bring their message to the maiden  
In her spring of happy dreaming  
Rich and rare.

Wand'ring down the grassy way  
With a dancing sunbeam's ray  
On her cheek so faintly blushing  
Kissed by many a sunshine fay,  
She is near the Spring's heart-beating,  
She is answering to the greeting  
Of the earth and sky all flushing  
With the May.

Spring of life and Spring of spring.  
Sweet and clear the Voices ring,  
    Gaily calling the death-saddened  
World to raise her voice and sing.  
Leave the shadows and the sighing,  
Come with Daphne, All-defying,  
    See the earth with May-life gladdened  
    Blossoming.

## CANOE SONG

OVER the water the swift canoe  
Glides in the morning bright,  
Sing as the paddle in silence dips,  
Sing as the silvery water slips  
Dripping in gleams of light.

Sing—for warm is the sunshine clear,  
Sing—for youth and warm life are dear,  
Sing the earth in her springtime here.

Past is the beach of the Silver Sands;  
Swirling the light canoe  
The stream leaps far from the hills  
above  
The great blue hills where the cloud-  
shapes move,  
Robes of the Manitou.

Sing—for heart and arm are strong,  
Let the swell of the swinging song  
Sweep the heights of the hills along.

## FOR THE NEW YEAR

BACK to the shadows where the  
æons sleep,

We gave it whence it came

The worn old year,

But we the labor of its life must keep.

The good is added to the marching time,

The evil is with God for good sublime,

O weary year thou 'st earned at last  
release,

Peace be with thee evermore, aye peace.

Let for the new a joyous welcome glow,

For hope is ever young

While life is life,

So very old the ceaseless ebb and flow,

But still we, dreaming, think with each  
new tide

That higher on the shore the surges ride.

Each year more bravely work the  
laborers skilled,

Each year draws nearer to the work  
fulfilled.

And thou, new year.

May all things great and good with thee  
prevail.

We give thee joyous greeting—hail, all  
hail.

## MESSAGE-ROSE

“ I F you love me, dear, wear a rose to-  
night,

    If violets—no;

I will watch and wait for my whole  
life's light

    In the flowers which blow.”

And see what he writes at the letter's  
close—

“ *Not* the violets, love, but the rose, the  
rose!”

'T is of crimson deep and the petals fair  
Like soft velvet fine;

Ah, red rose, the glow in my heart is  
there

    As it is in thine!

For the maidens dead are the roses  
white,

But not one who lives as I live to-night.

## VOYAGERS

A STEADY stream of travelers to the  
    sea,  
The wondrous sea of Death with noise-  
    less tide,  
Across the land of Is and Long Has  
    Been,  
Ever pour onward to that ocean side.

Love is the meeting of the voyagers  
    lone,  
A touch of warmth, a clinging human  
    hand  
To be a little comfort on the road  
To the lost children through the un-  
    known land.



And some there be who dream that far  
away  
Lies the White City of the Journey's  
End,  
A vision of the greater worlds to be,  
The reason for the unknown way we  
wend.

They see the gleaming of a wondrous  
flame,  
They walk with faces lifted to the light,  
Among the crowds who blindly push and  
fall,  
They are the gods for whom there is no  
night.

## SONNET

FREEDOM from world-old tyrannies  
I see,  
Freedom from myth and those old  
childhood fears,  
Dread of the phantom dark and death  
who rears  
His head avenging. A great liberty  
Seems in my grasp. I even seem to be  
One with the gods, for ever in my ears  
The voice is ringing, "Rise, for he who  
hears  
The Idol-Breaker's call—he shall be  
free!"

He shall be free. Was ever dream so  
wild!

The freedom of the world lies just the  
same

Beyond this prison, and the god, turned  
child,

Cries for thy comfort. Let us play  
the game

Together, thou and I, my pain beguiled.

What does life say to thee, O little  
flame?

## NOTRE DAME

CATHEDRAL of Our Lady, throned  
on high!

From Paris' busy streets and garish light,  
The great cathedral's aisles so vast and  
dim

To rest and dream our weary souls invite.  
Upon the pavement falls the sunshine  
bright

But soft and warm, dyed with a ruddy  
glow

From the great stained-glass windows'  
varied height,

Marking the hours with steady hand  
and slow

As through the drift of storied centuries  
they go.

Through the still air there floats a low  
sweet chant,  
Borne down among the rows of pillars  
tall,  
It rises, sinks, and softly dies away  
While to the listening soul the ages' call  
It seems, and, peering thro' the shadows'  
pall,  
He looks to see the glint of martyrs'  
wings  
And see the saints come from their  
long-home wall.  
It is the Spirit of the Past that sings,  
And back to long-lost days our dreaming  
souls it brings.

IN NAPOLI

SANTA LUCÍA! Clear across the  
wave,  
The purple water and the golden light,  
The fisher girls are singing 'neath the  
moon  
A song in blending with the velvet  
night,  
Santa Lucía! Santa Lucía!

O Napoli la bella! In a dream  
Enchantment holds us by thy curving  
shore.  
In one far land the lotus was the charm,  
But here 't is music holds us evermore.  
Santa Lucía! Santa Lucía!

## THE GYPSY HEART

O GYPSY hearts that have no rest  
for longing

Who wander through the roads of all  
the world,  
Most lonely where the greatest crowds  
are thronging,  
Aye in the open for your tents are  
furled;

Ye never find a faith to match your  
yearning,

Ye never touch the gold at Rainbow's  
End,

Ye never know a love that has no turn-  
ing,

Nor meaning in the wistful way ye  
wend.

But ye have joy in your eternal roam-  
ing—

Ye know the beauty of the unbought  
day,

The nights are yours, the love cry in  
the gloaming,

And that great luring road—the Gyp-  
sies' Way.



## LOVE SONG

I N thy far home beside the azure sea,  
I wonder if thou 'rt dreaming still  
of me,  
For I can think of nothing else but thee.

The world goes on, day after day the  
same,  
Yet world and life to me are but a name,  
My life mounts up with thine as flame  
with flame.

What matter if a great sea rolls be-  
tween!  
My heart goes out to thine by ways  
unseen,  
For this is surely what our Fate must  
mean.

## A SUMMER SOUVENIR

THE fragrant petals of a faded rose  
Lie hidden in my "treasure box"  
with care,  
A bud which died before it could dis-  
close  
Its heart's full beauty to the summer  
air.

Only a bud, a little harmless flower,  
Of all sweet babes most innocent and  
fair,  
Yet it has caused me quite a troubled  
hour  
In cogitating—why I put it there.

What mem'ries sweet in your faint  
odors bide

Of dance or drive or stroll in shady  
dell?

Why need you now so close your secret  
hide?

It was mine once. Tell, tell—why  
won't you tell?

At last the drawer reluctantly I shut,  
All I can do is give free fancy scope,  
You tantalizing little rosebud—but  
Next time I 'll write it on the envelope.

## THE GIFT

WE seek that life some wondrous  
gift should fling  
Into our waiting arms—some strange  
great thing,  
We know not what—we ask the years  
to bring.

But as the time goes on we dimly see  
The only gift of fate to you and me  
Is life itself—the very years which flee.

## SONNET

BEYOND the veil that shadows death  
and birth,  
In those strange days of other lives gone  
by,  
In some wide land of sun and flaming sky  
We shared our days of sadness and of  
mirth.  
Perchance 't was when the Morning of  
the Earth  
Made all things young and tides of life  
ran high,  
We loved our love and sighed our heart-  
break sigh,  
And gave and took from life what life  
was worth.

The when or how's forgotten, but I  
know  
That I have known you, dear, and loved  
you there  
Beyond that Sea of Change. Half  
memories through  
My heart are stirring at your speaking—  
so,  
Your look, your perfect understanding  
where  
The rest are blind. Do you remember  
too?

## A FROZEN WATERFALL

THE little stream that murmuring on  
its way,  
Went gladly leaping like a happy  
child,  
Was met by Winter's icy breath one day,  
Which checked the joyous course of  
water wild.

Now from the height where foaming  
torrents leap,  
Caught and festooned in many a  
dainty fold,  
Curtains of finest lace-work drape the  
steep  
Whose wind-blown loops the tasseled  
ice-bands hold.

Cushions of deep and softest velvet white  
Are piled in many a rest-inviting heap,  
But e'en though tempting to the weary  
sight,  
We may not rest—beware the long  
snow-sleep.

And when the sunlight's golden rays  
adorn  
Pillar and arch, great dome and  
fretted cave  
The tints of flowers that on the brink  
were born  
Remain and the white purity re-  
lieve.

Flower spirits which so love their  
summer home  
That they unheeding winter's chill-  
ing wind,  
With colors soft deck their loved  
streamlet's foam,  
Which still and cold the Frost-King's  
fingers bind.



There might the fairies hold their half-  
year's court,  
In many a palace grand and stately  
hall;  
Of all the marvels by the Ice-King  
wrought,  
The greatest is a frozen waterfall.

## IN LATER DAYS

“WE are the gods,” we cry these  
later days,

The gods have fallen, child tales are  
they all,

Jehovah and the Buddha and the rest,  
Phantoms fashioned by the mind of man  
And changing with the changing of the  
age.

Old gods are dead and no new gods are  
born.

Nature the mighty brought us here,  
we say,

And we the mightier take her work in  
hand

To much improve thereon, for she is  
blind

And very faulty so her work has been.  
But we the Intellect, the Reasoners now  
Shall change the world and change the  
breed of men

To beings who shall live unnatural lives  
By measures which we make to measure  
by,

Our standards and our Rules of Right  
and Wrong;

By Science and the Higher Reasoning.  
Turning from Nature and her inborn  
lore

Binding and fast'ning her and stifling  
back

The knowledge brought us through a  
million years

Of pain and love and war against the  
world—

As if one man with his threescore and  
ten

Could match against that ghostly an-  
cestry!

Futile it is and very childlike as

The babe who beats his mother with soft  
    hands  
Thinking his way is better than her own.  
The mighty mother, Life, whose many  
    babes  
Blindly she bore, not knowing how nor  
    why  
Their future nor the reason for their  
    birth,  
Is always striving for a better child,  
Perfect and nobly formed and fit to live  
And hold his own in the rough war of  
    worlds.  
Experiments she tried and some were  
    good,  
And some not to her liking she let die,  
As wandering from her thought of use-  
    fulness,  
As lacking in respect to her known law.  
We are no gods, but just a child of  
    Chance,  
Developed from the life-blood of the  
    world

Down the long ages of experiment,  
From the first quickening of primordial  
ooze.

And Life will warm us in her breast  
while we

Keep to her laws nor kill ourselves with  
pride,

Dreaming our morals better than her  
own,

Dreaming us greater than our Million  
Years.

## A DREAM PORTRAIT

A shadowy face  
Half seen through dusky masses of warm  
hair,  
Soft in the tender touching of a dream,  
With eyes so deep and dark that light  
is lost

In their far depths  
As black upon the snow absorbs the sun;  
And such sweet lips as children love to  
kiss  
On which pure innocence will ever lie.

A saintly face,  
Yet not an icy saint—for she is life,  
Life, O my dream-girl, in its fullest glow  
Of quickening fire, passion flushed, and  
still

So pure a spirit.  
The shadowy veil is drawn away and then  
The bright lips smile upon me as I gaze,  
The while her clear pale cheek will flush  
as if

She too were pleased.  
Her mouth is childlike still, for neither  
sneer  
Nor word of harshness nor of hard'ning  
hate  
Has passed it, but her eyes are old, so  
old.

For they have seen  
The sorrow of the world and grievous  
sin.  
Those Mighty Ones have touched but  
left no scar  
For she has healing for the wounds they  
make.

O my fair Dream!  
I know that I shall keep that spirit face  
To cheer my way, as straying in the dark  
I try to wander back upon the path.

A dream—but life;  
Dark shadows shroud her—yet she is  
    most real;  
She does not live—yet truly lives for  
    me.  
If only I may ever understand  
    . As well as now  
All that her glorious eyes would say  
    perhaps—  
Who knows? When we have felt our  
    way beyond  
And come at last into that Place where  
    all  
    The lights are lit,  
But I may find her, O my dream, my  
    love,  
And she will take me by the hand and  
    say,  
“Come, dear, with me, for you and I  
    have known  
    Each other long.”



## SAPPHIC VERSE

SAD is our fate in these new days of  
science,

Seeing the world in its true naked meaning,

Torn are the veils of all our lost illusions,  
Showing the real truths.

Love was divine in our old days of  
dreaming,

Lovers touched hands in life's soft  
misty darkness,

Known of the gods and fore-ordained  
for ages,

Loved in illusion.

Love is naught now but a compound of  
atoms

Bound hard and fast by chemical attraction,  
“I love” and “thou lov’st” an affair  
of physics,  
Fit for the chemist.

Where is the romance of the storm-tossed sailor  
And those brave ships, the Hearts of Oak of England?  
They are all gone, all gone to make a way  
for  
The Lusitania.

All soon will go, poetry of the unknown,  
Amethyst clouds fading into the clear day,  
But still remain the interstellar spaces  
Left for exploring.

## LIGHT

OUR yearning, sweetheart, lasts  
while we are living,  
Our yearning for life's colors. We have  
joy  
In that great shadowy, many-sided  
prism,  
The wondrous prism of the living  
world.  
The light shines through it, making  
many colors  
And just our glimpse of beauty makes  
our joy.  
We yearn because there is so much of  
beauty,  
We know that there is more than we  
can dream.

I see your soul, the sea, the sky all azure,  
I see the sunshine on those great white  
birds,  
I see in blending green and gold and  
crimson,  
The iridescent splendor of the world!  
Love, we are dreamers in this world of  
color,  
Colors of beauty, mystic meaning, joy;  
We see beyond the violet of the prism,  
The hues increase with our new powers  
of vision;—  
And as we gaze we are dazed and  
drowned with seeing.  
Hush, whisper now, if we were not so  
blinded,  
We'd see all blend in one white light,—  
that's God.  
Could we see that we should be freed  
from bondage,  
Freed from all tints of passion, feeling,  
thinking,  
Colorless all in the white light of God.

This will not be until the Prism's  
broken,  
Then we shall see Direct the Light  
Divergent.

## MEMORY

FOR three short months I knew you  
and your love,  
Forbidden love which did not dare to  
own  
Itself in words, and so we looked and  
dreamed,  
And in our dreams we were no more  
alone.

Now you are gone, and I try hard to  
sing;  
The world looks dim, the lights grow  
less and less—  
I hope you kept some comfort from those  
days,  
For all that I have left is loneliness.

## BON VOYAGE

ONE June day he went away,  
On a longed-for holiday,  
On a steady Cunard ship  
For the Mediterranean trip.  
Sailing now toward Italy  
All the wonders there to see.  
In that land of faery gold,  
He will see the temples old  
Roman gods held long ago,  
And those hills so green and low  
Clustering round fair Tivoli  
Where Horace wrote his poetry.

In a funny little train  
He will cross a dusty plain,  
Coming down to Naples gay,  
Lying round its sapphire bay.

Here the day is always noon,  
Here one's heart will stay in tune,  
Here the people's soul is song.  
Mingling with the merry throng  
Mem'ries of his life will go,  
In a dream he 'll only know  
Joy to hear the harmony  
And feel the charm of Napoli.

With a red Baedeker book,  
Shepherded by Father Cook,  
He will muse in Florence, where  
O'er rich past and treasures rare  
The Duomo's shadow falls,  
Weird Savonarola calls.  
Venice too, the Island Queen,  
Offers many a sumptuous scene,  
Set with strange love plays and grim.  
All Italy is waiting him.  
Oh, what tales he 'll tell when he  
Will come back sailing over sea!



## NORWAY

**H**AIL to the Northland, hail!  
Whence came the wondrous tale  
Of Siegfried and Baldur  
Where lived the Valkyries,  
Bearing o'er bloody seas  
Heroes to live at ease,  
Aye in Valhalla.

## SCOTLAND

THERE 's a land of purple heather,  
Where the bagpipes skirl together,  
Where 't is always misty weather,  
Land of Robbie Burns.

## ENGLAND

A VISION of green fields and soft  
thick trees,  
With little pink-tipped daisies in the  
grass  
And over there the gray of castle walls.  
The children bring the Maypole through  
the glades,  
These grave-eyed, happy children soon  
to be  
Their England's Bulwark, lovers of a  
land  
Of dignity and noble memories.

## JAPAN

SWORD of iron in a sheath of velvet,  
Land of many strange and curious  
contrasts,

Unsurpassed in courtliness and culture,  
Unsurpassed in warfare.

## THE MARSEILLAISE

**V**ISIONS of old France draw near  
With the thrilling Marseillaise.  
In that marching song we hear  
The echo of those breathless days  
When France, flushed with victory,  
Led the world toward liberty.

## DEATH

HIS coat and cap are hanging on the  
wall,

But he will never need them any more.  
He died three days ago. We buried him  
Deep in the fresh, brown, sun-warmed  
earth of May.

I do not cry or grieve, I only think  
In mute surprise—"This thing is very  
strange."

## MONA LISA TO LEONARDO

O LEONARDO, though by Fate's  
decreeing,  
The painting over, you must stay away,  
Your soul comes here, the spirit of your  
being,  
I have you with me all the long, gray  
day,  
A phantom to the phantom life within.  
At night I hear you speak. The words  
you say  
Are toneless echoes spiritual and thin,  
I in my darkening room sit breathless  
there  
Tuned to your touching like a violin.  
Your joys I know and all your world  
of care.

I say I have the best of love's strange  
case,  
The best of you in this communion rare.  
But oh, the aching for your arms'  
embrace,  
To have you near me and to see your  
face!



## A SUMMER DAY

HAPPY, hazy, summer day,  
Lazily spent 'neath willow trees,  
By the murmuring water-way  
Lulled by the caressing breeze,  
While the river on its way,  
Sings an endless soothing lay  
Gentle as the summer day.

Near, the cows come down to drink,  
There the weary sheep dogs lie  
While their sleepy charges blink  
As the shining perch swim by.  
Lying on the grassy brink,  
List'ning to the bob-o-link,  
Thoughts calm as clear skies I  
think.

## FROM HORACE'S ODES

### ADVICE TO LICINIUS

LIVE a moderate life, Licinius,  
Neither always out to sea  
Pressing in thy eager passion,  
Nor too closely hug the lee

Of the dangerous shore in storm time.  
He who seeks the Golden Mean  
Safe shall flee from want and squalor  
Nor to envious riches lean.

Oftener the storm wind lashes  
The strong pine-tree in its might,  
Tallest towers fall in ruin  
Greater for their former height,

Mountain tops are struck by lightning  
Oftener than the valleys low,  
Highest places catch the fury  
Of the stormy winds that blow.

Well-prepared, the brave heart hopeth  
In cruel Fortune's gathering frown,  
When she smiles, he fears her changing,  
Fears to lose his golden crown.

Change, yes change, for aye and ever,  
As the winters come and go;  
Harsh they are but soon are over—  
Then the summer flowers blow.

Now thy fortune may be evil,  
Thus it will not always be,  
But the future coming, coming,  
Hides the better things for thee.

Gentle touches on the cithern  
Sometimes wake a silent Muse,  
Oft Apollo lays his bow by  
Nor does his good gifts refuse.

When the times are stern and saddening  
In thy spirit do not quail,  
And before propitious breezes  
Shorten thy too swelling sail.

## SONNET

OFt in uneasy sleep we turn and sigh,  
    Troubled by phantom shape or  
        ghostly fear,  
Or in the dark by some dread Presence  
    near.  
Then, like a child, whose little moaning  
    cry,  
Whose face all flushed and pillows all  
    awry,  
And on his cheek the staining of a tear  
Show that he dreams, we lift our heads  
    to hear  
The voice he too has longed for make  
    reply.  
He played too hard all day and so have  
    we,

The sun has been so strong that in our  
sleep

The turmoil and the heat we cannot flee.  
But softly through the room's dark  
silence deep

Her voice steals in its soothing accents  
blest,

"All 's well, beloved. I am here, so—  
rest."















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